

The True Northerner.

PAW PAW, MICHIGAN.

IN 1849 a deposit of \$19 was made in the savings bank at Dover, N. H. It remained in the bank until the other day, when the book was presented and the account closed by the payment of \$95.83.

The following letter is said to be the genuine production of a 9-year-old colored citizen of South Carolina: "Dear Affectionately Teacher: For sorry I couldn't come to school on Friday, but I couldn't cause it rained and dat's de way it go in dia world. If de Lord shut de door no man can open de door. If de Lord say open de door no man can shut de door. If de Lord say 'it rain,' no man can stop it rain. But de Lord, He do all things well. And you oughtn't to growl about it. Your affectionately scholar."

THADDEUS FOWLER, who died in Seymour, Conn., last week, was a prolific inventor. According to the Hartford Times, he invented machines for sticking pins in paper, for manufacturing iron pins, for sorting pins, for making pins, head and all, at a single stroke, for making needles, for pointing wire, for making horseshoe nails, for sharpening horse-clipping machines, and for stamping metal. He also invented a reaping and binding machine, and the "sewing-bird" used on ladies' work-tables. He died comparatively poor, as he had little business ability.

A CURIOUS story is related by the Middletown (Pa.) Press. Mrs. Elizabeth Booser, who recently celebrated her 88th birthday, dreamed on Monday night that she was sitting in the room, and of a sudden experienced great pain in her right side and limb. She arose on Tuesday morning in her usual health, and while sitting near the stove in the forenoon commenced to feel pain in her right side and limb, which in a short time increased until it was almost unendurable. On Wednesday Mrs. B. suffered greatly, and the pain had not decreased at last accounts. Unfortunately the dream didn't tell when it would.

A BOSTON philanthropist and student of human nature bought a dozen cheap umbrellas, had a nickel plate inserted in each handle on which was his address, and the request that the umbrella be returned, and on the first rainy day went out on the street and handed one to each umbrellaless woman that he met. All were returned within a week, but one, and in place of that came a note saying that it had been stolen and that the writer would pay for it. The next rainy day he handed the umbrella to twelve unprotected men. He never saw but one of them again; and that was brought in by a friend who said he had stolen it at a church festival.

A GRIFFIN correspondent reports to the Kolnische Zeitung a beautiful lunar phenomenon seen there some evenings ago. The crescent clearly defined was in the southwestern heavens, when suddenly at its right side an enlarged reflection of the crescent appeared, just as sharply defined and shining as clearly as the original crescent, which it gradually seemed to embrace. After some minutes there appeared on the left side a further reflection of this original image, but less brilliant and distinct. Both images remained visible for a considerable time and then faded gradually away with the deepening darkness, leaving the crescent moon shining brightly as before.

FRED ARCHER, the English jockey, was an extremely temperate man. In address and appearance he was quiet and gentlemanly, and though, of course, quite uneducated, was accustomed to behave with refinement. His excellence as a rider depended a good deal on his remarkable strength and the wonderful power of his hands. He had a horse under perfect control, and, in this, perhaps, he excelled any of his rivals, and had the gift of pushing a horse at a pinch and bringing him in with a rush at the finish. Archer, though the son of an old steeple-chaser, was no good in the hunting field. He could not jump, and never rode in a steeplechase. On the other hand, his rivals, Cannon and Wood, are extremely fond of hunting.

SOME time ago an English gentleman found a large turnip in his field of the shape of a man's head, and with the resemblance of the features of a man. Struck with curiosity, he had a cast made of it, and sent the cast to a phrenologist, stating that it was taken from the head of a celebrated professor, and requested an opinion thereon. After sitting in judgment, it was reported that it denoted a man of acute mind and deep research, that he had the organ of quick perception, and also of perseverance, with another that indicated credulity. This opinion was transmitted to the owner of the cast, with a letter requesting, as a particular favor, that he would send the head. To this he replied that he

would willingly do so, but he was prevented, as he and his family had eaten it the day before with their mutton at dinner.

It is related that during the twenty years which Dr. Ackley practiced in Northern Ohio his reputation became very great. He was a man who was impulsive in his actions, as is shown by the following incident: One day while he was out duck shooting he was accompanied by a favorite dog. Another hunter was on the opposite side of the stream, and as the ducks which he shot fell into the water Dr. Ackley's dog would swim in and get them. The man objected to this, but Ackley told the man he should have all the ducks retrieved by the dog. The man answered that should the dog retrieve another duck he would shoot him. Ackley replied if the man shot the dog he would shoot the man. Another duck was shot and in sprang the dog, and was as promptly shot. Ackley reciprocated by filling the man full of shot from his fowling-piece, after which he immediately left the scene and returned rapidly to the city. Some time later a man came into his office complaining that some one had filled him full of bird-shot. Ackley proceeded to pick them out one by one, at the same time condoling with the man, and at the close of the process charged him a good bill.

COLONEL WILSON, of the army, who has charge of the monument recently erected by order of Congress over the grave of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello, says that the vandals are already at work chipping chunks off the stone, and that if it is to be preserved a military guard will have to be sent down there. Several years ago Congress appropriated \$5,000 for the purpose of restoring the cemetery in which Jefferson is buried, and erecting a new monument over his grave. This was in the time of Hayes, and the appropriation was not to be available until the owners of the estate gave a quit claim to the United States of a tract of ground two rods square surrounding the burial place, and a pathway by which access thereto might be afforded the public. Jefferson was buried at Monticello in a little cemetery on his own plantation, and his wife, other members of his family, and some of his old servants lie beside him. When the estate was being laid out at the time he was President, Jefferson wrote to his overseer instructing him to set apart a little plot of ground as a burial place. "Choose some unfrequented vale in the park," he said, "where there is no sound to break the stillness but the babbling of a brook that winds among the woods, where no mark of human shape is, unless it be the skeleton of some poor wretch who sought out the spot to despair and die in. Let it be among the venerable oaks. Intersperse some gloomy evergreens. Appropriate one-half of it for my family, and the rest for my servants and strangers who may die in the neighborhood. Let the exit look upon the Blue Mountains."

WHEELER is on the verge of death at his home in Malone, New York. If he dies there will be left just one man living who is or has been Vice President. This is Hannibal Hamlin, now nearly 80 years old, who entered public life in 1843 as a member of Congress. There are, however, still living three men who have occupied approximately the position of Vice President. These are Thomas W. Ferry, Thomas F. Bayard, and George F. Edmunds—Ferry for eighteen months, Bayard for three days, and Edmunds for two years. These were all Presidents pro tem. of the Senate, and under the old law heirs-apparent to the Presidency for a short time. Candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency have thinned out remarkably within eighteen months. There have died George B. McClellan, Horatio Seymour, Samuel J. Tilden, and Winfield S. Hancock, Democratic candidates for the Presidency, and Charles O'Connor (straight Democrat, 1872). Of candidates for the Vice Presidency there have died B. Gratz Brown (Democratic, 1872), and Charles Francis Adams (Free Soil, 1848). There are still living the following notable gentlemen who have run for the Presidency on principal tickets: John C. Fremont, Republican, 1856; James G. Blaine, Republican, 1884. There are also living the following candidates for Vice President on principal tickets: George H. Pendleton, Democrat, 1864; William H. English, Democrat, 1880; John A. Logan, Republican, 1884. The candidate that reaches farthest back in the century is Rev. Charles C. Foote, of Detroit, who was once Free Soil candidate for Vice President. In 1852 George W. Julian was candidate for Vice President on the same ticket. In 1872 Rev. John Russell, of Michigan, was also a candidate for Vice President on the Prohibition ticket.

EX-CEPTING only Harvard, William and Mary, in Virginia, founded in 1693, is the oldest college in America. It can now boast of not a single student, and the last dollar of its endowment will soon have been spent. This grand old institution owes its downfall first to the war of the rebellion, and finally to two destructive fires.

McQUADE CONVICTED.

The Broadway Boodler Pronounced Guilty on the First Ballot.

The Convicted Man Unmoved by the Result—The Judge's Charge to the Jury.

[New York dispatch.] Ex-Alderman McQuade has been convicted of selling his vote for the Broadway franchise. He received the unanimous verdict of the twelve without sign of emotion. It was a dark day for the ex-Alderman. Col. John B. Fellows drew pen-pictures of the bribe-takers from morning until the great chandeliers were lighted in the evening. Then the Recorder reviewed the testimony, and laid down the law in double-edged sentences that swept away all hope of escape. There were moments of fearful denunciation during the summing up for the people of the city. There was no doubt that more fearful moments in the solemn charge that



tell mercilessly from the Recorder's lips. The announcement in the morning that Col. Fellows would make the great speech of the day drew hundreds of would-be spectators to the courtroom, only to find they could not get near the guarded doors.

McQuade appeared resolute, a most cheerful, but his brother Barney was piteous and pale. He looked more like a man accused of the great crime and on route to Sing Sing than any other man in the room. It was difficult to tell how the jury stood until Col. Fellows began to sway them with facts garlanded with eloquence. Then it was known that he held their most profound attention. The points made by Col. Fellows were afterward covered in the Judge's charge—namely, that the Lyddy indictment should be taken official notice of; that the office of the Broadway Railroad syndicate was in the office of the company's counsel—Robinson, Scribner and Wright; that these lawyers knew from Clerk Maloney that the Aldermen were to hold a special meeting and pass a resolution to discontinue the order for the discontinuance of the injunction had been obtained, and before Maloney had sent out the calls to the Aldermen to meet at nine o'clock on the following morning; that there was an agreement, because the boodle lawyers and the Broadway Railroad people knew it, that five of the Aldermen, including McQuade, met at McLaughlin's house, because the unimpeached servant girl, Kate Metz, saw them go and come from McLaughlin's house; that McQuade did a large business, and used checks, except about two years after the transaction, when he was seen with \$500 and \$1,000 bills in his possession; that while the witnesses discredited as to details and dates, they all substantially agreed to the chief facts in the case as stated by Fulgraff and Duffy, and corroborated by other witnesses and documentary evidence. Col. Fellows closed a long and telling story by saying that the public and press were watching them, and they could never hold up their heads again if they allowed bribery to go unpunished.

Recorder Smyth reviewed the case at great length. He pronounced the testimony of the servant girl, Kate Metz, to be direct, unshaken, and worthy of much weight. It was in the nature of things, he said, that crime should be perpetrated in secret, and without the testimony of accomplices was often necessary. Because a man had once committed perjury, it must not be assumed that he perjured himself again. It was for the jury to decide whether Duffy and Fulgraff's testimony had been corroborated.

Complete Exposure of the Half-Million Steal—Duffy and Fulgraff's Confession.

On the trial of ex-Alderman Arthur J. McQuade, on charge of being bribed to vote for a license for the street railroad in Broadway, ex-Aldermen Fulgraff and Duffy, and Michael Duffy came forward to tell the truth about the scandalous bribery. Ex-Alderman Fulgraff and Duffy, who were indicted in May, 1884, after the trial had adjourned, eight or nine members were present, of whom McQuade was one. The subject discussed was the fact that it was necessary to have thirteen votes to pass a bill for the railroad. The first meeting was held at Fulgraff's factory. This was before the bill was passed. Thirteen Aldermen were present. McQuade was one. Mr. Nicol asked who else was present. Witnesses named from memory Kennedy, Sayles, White, McLaughlin, Duffy, and Jaehne. McLaughlin was Chairman. He lay was also present. It was agreed that the thirteen members present would hold a meeting on any question that came before the Board. Nothing was said about the Broadway Railroad. It was agreed to meet again one week later at McLaughlin's house. Witness attended the latter meeting. McLaughlin was made Chairman. Duffy's testimony was that the first business was the question of the Broadway franchise. It was said that other companies and a cable road wanted a franchise. Jaehne, De Laury and others spoke, saying that the Broadway Cable Road Company had offered \$750,000 for a franchise—one-half cash and one-half bonds. Witness did not know who the money and stock were to go to. It was said that the surface road had offered \$500,000 cash. Witness said that the offer of the cable road was considered unreliable, and the other was considered the best. It was decided to accept the offer of the cable road. Twenty-two dollars was to go to each member. One member thought the amount should be \$25,000 each. It was said that the lawyers present would be paid \$25,000, and that amount was decided upon unanimously. McQuade voted yes. Another meeting was held at the office of the cable road twelve out of the thirteen were present. The question discussed was to select a member to hold the money. Witness said that that McQuade and Maloney might not be trusted with so large an amount. Duffy suggested Keenan, and he was selected. Duffy then said he wished to have the members present go to Keenan and assure him it was all right. Witness said the possibility of a veto was considered, since in that case it was decided to leave the work of getting a two-thirds vote to Maloney. After the veto another meeting was held at McLaughlin's house to discuss it. As more votes were necessary, it was decided unanimously to cut down each man's share to \$25,000.

Ex-Alderman Michael Duffy, who also turned State's evidence on his indicted fellow Aldermen, testified that the thirteen Aldermen were to receive \$25,000 apiece. Duffy testified in conclusion:

"I didn't get any money until about a month after election, and I never met McQuade on the north side of the City Hall a few days after, and he stopped and talked. He said, 'Did you get your money?' I said, 'Yes, I got it.' He said, 'Did you get yours?' And he said, 'It's all right; I got mine all right.'"

Mrs. H. H. NEISLER, living near Delta, Ga., in Macon county, had a Plymouth Rock rooster to die last week from over-eating. After its death it was cut open and found to have swallowed one hundred and ten grains of corn, fifty-two Spanish ground peas, and a large quantity of meal dough, from the effects of which death resulted in twenty-four hours.

PERISHED IN THE FLAMES.

Many Lives Lost in a Burning Steamer on the Mississippi River.

The J. M. White Destroyed Near Bayou Sara, La.—Thrilling Scenes and Incidents.

[New Orleans special.]

The steamer J. M. White, on her down trip from Vicksburg, caught fire at 10:30 o'clock on Tuesday night while at St. Maurice Landing, in Pointe Coupee Parish, four miles above Bayou Sara, and was entirely destroyed in a few minutes. The fire originated near the boilers, and spread with such rapidity that the flames enveloped the boat before warning of their danger could be given the passengers and crew. One of the ladies was the first to see the fire from the river bank, and by the time she reached the cabin the smoke was so dense that he could only awaken the occupants of a few of the staterooms in front and escape with the rest of the officers to a place of safety. All the books and papers in the clerk's office were destroyed. Capt. Muse was sick in his room at the time, and was notified just in time to save his life.

All the passengers in the forward cabin were saved, with one exception. Those in the ladies' cabin were shut off from retreat by the flames, and were burned in their rooms or were forced to jump into the river, where only three were rescued.

Washington Floyd, Captain of the Will S. Hays of Louisville, was aroused in time to save himself, but rushed back into the ladies' cabin to save the occupants, and was himself destroyed.

The following is a partial list of the lost: Mr. Spafford, Superintendent of the Natchez and Vidalia Railroad, wife, and child.

Captain Wash Floyd of the Will S. Hays, Miss Agnes McCalhoun of West Feliciana. Two women, names not known.

Two white men from the West. There were twenty-one colored, including several of the boat hands, and two negro preachers, who were also killed. Chief Engineer McGreevey says:

"There were four heaps of powder in the magazine, and the moment the fire reached them the flames shot up about one hundred feet high. The sight was the most heart-rending one ever witnessed by a human being. The shrieking of women and children for help was awful. I saw the superintendent of the Vidalia route railroad standing outside the ladies' cabin, throwing his two little daughters into the water. He stood there and burned to death with his wife. There were in the cabin nine lady passengers and about eight men. At New Texas twenty deck hands were taken on board. All are supposed to be lost."

The J. M. White was built in 1878, at a cost of \$225,000, and was regarded by many as the finest and fastest boat ever run on the Mississippi River. The boat was owned by Capt. John W. Tobin. She carried a cargo consisting of 2,100 bales of cotton and 6,000 sacks of seed. She was valued at \$100,000; the cargo at \$90,000. The insurance on the boat is \$24,000; the cargo is doubtless fully covered by insurance.

JOHN E. OWENS.

Sketch of the Famous Comedian, Whose Death Was Recently Announced.

John E. Owens was born in Liverpool, England, of Welsh parentage, in 1823, but was brought to the United States when only three years of age, by his parents, who first settled in Baltimore, Md., but after a residence of ten years in that city, removed to Philadelphia, where Mr. Owens, poor, established himself in business. He made his first appearance under the management of the late Wm. E. Burton, at the National Theater, Philadelphia, where Charlotte Cushman was then starting.



ling the public with her manifestations of powerful genius. On the 20th of August, 1865, Mr. Owens reappeared in Philadelphia at the Museum, in Masonic Hall, as Jack Humphries, in "Turning the Tables," for the benefit of D. P. Fowers. In 1849 he became joint manager of the Baltimore Museum with Hann, and in the succeeding year assumed sole control of the establishment. In 1852, at the earnest solicitation of John Brougham, Mr. Owens consented to inaugurate with his performances Brougham's Lyceum, New York, then newly built, and met with a cordial reception. On the 20th of June, 1862, he for the third or fourth time sailed for Europe, and declining a flattering engagement at the Adelphi Theater, made an extended tour of the continent. In 1854 he again entered into the management of the Charles Street Theater, Baltimore. In 1859 he conducted the Varieties Theater, New Orleans. In 1863 he filled a most successful engagement at Wallack's Theater, New York. In 1855 he visited England, playing "Soliloquy." Returning to America he made this part peculiarly his own, playing it in all the large cities. As a comedian he ranks with the highest, and is as great in his parts as Jefferson and Clarke are in theirs.

CHARLIE gloomily—You forgot that your father injured my tender feelings last evening when I was leaving. Mabel—Yes, darling; but he wore his carpet slippers at the time, and now his foot is done up in a bandage and he goes on a crutch. Come in, darling.

ENGLISHMAN—"I see the old country is going in for new style coins, too." AMERICAN—"Like ours?" "Well, no; but they are to have Queen Victoria's face as she looks now." "Good idea; it will make the English more liberal."

"FREDDIE, old boy, I am all undone!" and the expression of horror and agony on his face was fearful to behold. "Why, Athaw, dear fellow, what is the matter? How are you undone?" "My corset laces are broken. What shall I do?"

TALK is cheap—except you employ a stenographer.—Somerville Journal.

BEN BUTLER INTERVIEWED.

He Denounces Pinkerton's Army Force as an "Organized Mob."

[New York special.]

Gen. B. F. Butler had a long talk about politics with a correspondent who visited him at his home in Lowell, Mass., during the course of which he said:

"I am inclined to believe that the George movement is the beginning of the organization of labor as a political body. Of its extent I practically know nothing. It may be ephemeral, like the Know-Nothing party, but I hope not. Labor should organize itself for its own protection. Capital is already organized. It employs some 3,000 men, thoroughly armed, equipped, and drilled, called the Pinkerton force of detectives, which is thrown upon any point where labor is discontented or shows signs of trying by organization to better its condition. It is sent with the greatest celerity, for it is passed over many railroads without paying fare. Whenever it uses its weapons upon laboring men, it becomes a murderous mob. This incites the laboring man to turbulence and violence, and there is no more dangerous element in this country than this same organized, movable mob. Its shooting from the cars upon a body of citizens—men, women, and children—as was done at Chicago recently, without substantial cause, shows its utter recklessness as to law and human life."

"It is a disgrace to both the State and the United States governments that such a body of men is suffered to exist. The militia of the State and the regular army of the United States ought to be sufficient to enforce the law in any case, and have always been shown to be powerful for that purpose when properly handled. At some time Pinkerton's mob will bring on a riot in which it will be found powerless, and from which such horrible and terrible results from loss of life and destruction of property will ensue as to open the eyes of everybody to the enormous mischief of the organization."

"The labor question will be the great disturber of future politics. I mean the question of how firmly and completely labor is organized and takes part in its own behalf in future elections. If it is organized and the laboring men vote together in any considerable extent they hold the election in the hollow of their hands and I look to them to destroy this Southern monopoly of the Presidency by taking from it that without which it is impotent for evil—New York City and New York State."

A NOTED CATTLE KING.

Ex-Gov. John L. Routt, of Colorado.

Hon. John L. Routt, of Colorado, who presided over the National Convention of Cattle Men at St. Louis, in November, is one of the most prominent of the Western cattle barons. He has long been interested



in cattle and cattle breeding, and has ever been prominent among the members of the union, outside of the political field in which he moves and may be said to have his being. His political record is that of one of the growing Western statesmen, and his abilities in fulfilling the positions thrust upon him in that station of life are said to be unsurpassed.

A MEMORY OF 1876.

A New Orleans Story About the Celebrated Returning Board.

[New Orleans dispatch.]

The City Item publishes an interview with a gentleman of this city, whose name it declines to give, but who is understood to be an official of the Jefferson Gas Company and a man of wealth, relative to the story recently published of the attempt made to purchase the celebrated Returning Board in 1876, and induces it not to count the vote of the State for Hayes and Wheeler. While she was in session counting the vote three prominent politicians came down to New Orleans from New York City, and, after remaining at the St. Charles Hotel for several days, called on this gentleman and presented him letters from friends in the North. They said that there was no doubt but Louisiana had been carried for Tilden and Hendricks, but would be counted otherwise unless the returning board could be influenced. Knowing Anderson and Casanave personally, he had been chosen to make the negotiations. Gen. Anderson was visited by him and offered \$300,000 to return the State for Tilden. He seemed highly offended, and said, most emphatically, that it was out of the question. Casanave was then visited and offered a smaller sum, but a large fortune to him. Every inducement is held out, but he still remained firm. After the vote of the State was announced for Hayes and Wheeler this gentleman was again selected to approach the electors and find whether any one of them would change his vote. Anderson, who was an elector, refused, but another member of the Electoral College agreed to vote for Tilden and Hendricks, naming his price at \$50,000, which was promised him. When, however, he found out that Anderson had been approached on this subject, and had refused the offer, and that as he would be the only elector voting for Tilden, he became frightened and backed down. If Gen. Anderson had yielded there would have been little trouble, this gentleman says, in arranging with the other members of the board, except Wells, but they feared to act without Anderson.

Wise Children.

Anent bright boys, a little three-year-old was put in the infant class at Sunday school in the hope that right principles would early be instilled into his mind. "My children," said the teacher one day, "if you love Jesus you need never be afraid to die, for He will take you to heaven, where you would be very happy. Charlie, what would you do if you were very sick?" she asked, intending and expecting him to say he would ask to be taken to heaven immediately. "Send for a doctor," was the laconic and sensible reply. The same boy, on another occasion, became unruly at home, and his mamma, wishing to get him out of the way, lifted him over into a great wood-box in the kitchen and bade him stay there. An older brother came in soon after, and seeing him there said: "Well, Charlie, what have you been doing now?" "Oh, nawthin'," was the reply, "only mother's having one of her bad spells." Another little fellow of three, upon being told not to play with certain boys across the street, asked: "Why not?" "Because they are Jews," was the reply. The little boy thought a moment. "Mamma, wasn't Jesus Christ a Jew?" said he; and he played with the boys.—Boston Record.

Breezy. "Henry," said a young mother to the old bachelor lodger, "what shall we name the baby? Hubby and I can't agree. We want a name that is appropriate, and odd, and pretty, and that hasn't a horrid nickname to it. Can't you think of one?"

"Humph! I don't have to name babies. I should think you would call that kid Cyclone, though. It's appropriate, at least."

"Why so?" "Th' house has been full of squalls ever since he came."

"Horrid!"

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

The Devices of Young Men on Small Salaries to Live and Dress.

[From the New York Mail and Express.]

To work-a-day folks, who toil and sweat year in and year out, and barely make both ends meet, even on salaries above the average, it is always something of a mystery how so many young men on salaries of \$12 a week, or from that to \$18 at the outside, manage at all times to keep dressed in the height of fashion and find leisure to air themselves and their clothes in conspicuous public places. There is a good-sized world of these butterfly young men in New York. It takes in over half the young men of the city. They are bill clerks, or messengers, or under-bookkeepers in the big mercantile houses, or "ladies' men" in the dry-goods houses, or young men who do anything that passes for work without involving actual manual labor. They are always rigged out in the latest cut of clothes. They never seem in a hurry. They loiter through the avenues and the parks, which are their favorite resorts Saturday afternoons and Sundays, and hover about the theater doors at night, like gnats around the electric lights. To all appearances they are young men of elegant leisure and unlimited resources. How do they manage it on \$12 a week?

"I will show you; come up stairs a moment," said a renter of rooms on Eighth avenue, near Forty-eighth street, the other day. She is a matronly person, and has a dozen or more young men for roomers in her flats. She led the way to the fourth story. At the head of the stairs she opened the door to a hall room. The room was small, but clean. Its furniture consisted of a bed, a plain washstand, and two chairs. A row of hooks on the wall opposite the bed did service instead of a clothes-dress, and the washstand drawer supplied the absence of a bureau. In the corner of the room behind the door was a plain pine box, like an ordinary soap-box. On it stood a small oil-stove.

"The young man who rents this room," said the old landlady, "is a clerk in one of the most fashionable retail dry-goods houses on Sixth avenue. In personal appearance you couldn't tell him from a millionaire, but he gets only \$11.50 a week. He pays me \$3 a week for this room. Out of the other \$8.50 he boards himself, pays for his washing, buys his clothes—and he always wears the latest style—in fact, his entire living expenses come out of the \$8.50. What is his secret? It is contained in this pine box."

She removed the oil-stove and lifted the box lid. Inside were a small frying-pan, a miniature coffee-pot, cup and saucer, two spoons, a knife and fork, and several paper packages.

"Here, you see," continued the landlady, "is a little housekeeping outfit. With it and the oil-stove the young dry-goods clerk practically boards himself; that is, he gets his own breakfast and supper every day, and no one is wiser. Those packages in the box contain what he eats. In the morning he makes a cup of coffee for himself, which is an easy matter with the oil-stove. He also cooks a little rice, an egg, a piece of bacon, or sometimes a small piece of steak. Either makes a palatable and sustaining meal. That is before he goes to work. In the evening when he returns from the store he cooks his supper in the same way. He does his little marketing himself, too, and he has become so good at it that he can do fully as well as I can at the stores. He will buy a piece of bacon, enough for three meals, for 6 cents; rice for six meals, 10 cents; a can of condensed milk, which will last no less than ten days, for 11 cents; eggs at 2 cents each; a half-pound of cheese, which will last a week, 12 cents; coffee enough for ten days, half a pound, for 12 cents; sugar for a week, 10 cents; potatoes, nine or ten big ones, that will suffice for not less than four meals, for a nickel. If you will figure the cost of one meal out of this list you will find that, with variety limited only by the articles on hand, the expense will not exceed 10 cents—that is, 20 cents a day for the two meals, to which add 10 cents that he spends down-town for lunch, and you have 50 cents a day, or \$2.10 a week, as the cost of his board. His washing costs not over 25 cents a week, as he is neat and careful, so that his actual living expenses, including the \$3 room rent, are \$5.35 a week, or, allowing the old 15 cents for oil to burn in the little stove (two cents' worth will last nine hours in it), his total expenditure is \$5.50 a week, which leaves \$6 from his salary to be spent on clothes, or whatever he chooses. That, sir, is the way hundreds, I might even say thousands and thousands, of young men in New York live and manage to keep up appearances."

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A New Orleans Story About the Celebrated Returning Board.

[New Orleans dispatch.]

The City Item publishes an interview with a gentleman of this city, whose name it declines to give, but who is understood to be an official of the Jefferson Gas Company and a man of wealth, relative to the story recently published of the attempt made to purchase the celebrated Returning Board in 1876, and induces it not to count the vote of the State for Hayes and Wheeler. While she was in session counting the vote three prominent politicians came down to New Orleans from New York City, and, after remaining at the St. Charles Hotel for several days, called on this gentleman and presented him letters from friends in the North. They said that there was no doubt but Louisiana had been carried for Tilden and Hendricks, but would be counted otherwise unless the returning board could be influenced. Knowing Anderson and Casanave personally, he had been chosen to make the negotiations. Gen. Anderson was visited by him and offered \$300,000 to return the State for Tilden. He seemed highly offended, and said, most emphatically, that it was out of the question. Casanave was then visited and offered a smaller sum, but a large fortune to him. Every inducement is held out, but he still remained firm. After the vote of the State was announced for Hayes and Wheeler this gentleman was again selected to approach the electors and find whether any one of them would change his vote. Anderson, who was an elector, refused, but another member of the Electoral College agreed to vote for Tilden and Hendricks, naming his price at \$50,000, which was promised him. When, however, he found out that Anderson had been approached on this subject, and had refused the offer, and that as he would be the only elector voting for Tilden, he became frightened and backed down. If Gen. Anderson had yielded there would have been little trouble, this gentleman says, in arranging with the other members of the board, except Wells, but they feared to act without Anderson.

Wise Children.

Anent bright boys, a little three-year-old was put in the infant class at Sunday school in the hope that right principles would early be instilled into his mind. "My children," said the teacher one day, "if you love Jesus you need never be afraid to die, for He will take you to heaven, where you would be very happy. Charlie, what would you do if you were very sick?" she asked, intending and expecting him to say he would ask to be taken to heaven immediately. "Send for a doctor," was the laconic and sensible reply. The same boy, on another occasion, became unruly at home, and his mamma, wishing to get him out of the way, lifted him over into a great wood-box in the kitchen and bade him stay there. An older brother came in soon after, and seeing him there said: "Well, Charlie, what have you been doing now?" "Oh, nawthin'," was the reply, "only mother's having one of her bad spells." Another little fellow of three, upon being told not to play with certain boys across the street, asked: "Why not?" "Because they are Jews," was the reply. The little boy thought a moment. "Mamma, wasn't Jesus Christ a Jew?" said he; and he played with the boys.—Boston Record.

Breezy. "Henry," said a young mother to the old bachelor lodger, "what shall we name the baby? Hubby and I can't agree. We want a name that is appropriate, and odd, and pretty, and that hasn't a horrid nickname to it. Can't you think of one?"

"Humph! I don't have to name babies. I should think you would call that kid Cyclone, though. It's appropriate, at least."

"Why so?" "Th' house has been full of squalls ever since he came."

"Horrid!"

The widest shaving machine was recently placed on exhibition in a store in Winton, Mass. It was forty-two inches wide, several feet long, and of uniform thickness.